The COMMONWEAL

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Diversity in Unity

IT IS a commentary on our ignorance of Russian history that the decision of the Supreme Soviet to transform "the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs from a Union People's Commissariat into a Union-Republican People's Commissariat" (this transformation likewise extended to the People's Commissariat of Defense) should have occasioned so much surprise in the American press. Its substantial meaning is that from now on the Red Army will be made up of sixteen national armies fighting as a coordinated unit and that the sixteen constituent republics of the USSR may negotiate with foreign countries singly. The effect of this change will depend to a large extent on the purposes Moscow wishes to achieve. The terrific preponderance both in area and in population of the principal constituent republic—the Russian—makes it impossible, of course, for any one of the other republics, or for all of them acting in concert, to upset Moscow's hegemony. But the change does make it possible for the other republics to negotiate in place of Moscow when the questions involved more directly affect their interests.

Of course it is not impossible that Moscow may use this new autonomy to increase the weight which it can bring to bear diplomatically; that is the main danger involved in the change. Moreover, this new organization of the USSR does a good deal to cushion the absorption of the Baltic States, and makes participation in the Russian system far more attractive to some of the Balkan States which have held off Pan-Slavism for fear of losing local autonomy. It must frighten opponents of Russia in precisely the same degree as it makes amalgamation into the USSR more attractive.

But the change should be viewed in the light of Russian history, precisely as Mr. Molotov pointed out in his statement to the Supreme Soviet. From the time Russia began its expansion under the czars until the 1917 revolution, as new territory was annexed, the procedure was to swallow that territory administratively into the central system. Local autonomy was practically nonexistent, except in the Grand Duchy of Finland. Consequently there was always trouble in the non-Russian sections of the empire. The attempt to Russify all these peoples created great bitterness and fostered their desire for national independence; indeed in many cases it created nationalisms where none had hitherto existed. The Bolsheviks were intelligent enough to realize that they must solve this problem, for if they did not, the nationalist movements in the peripheral states would have joined forces with their ideological enemies, and the alliance might well have proved too strong for them. Hence they guaranteed cultural autonomy to the non-Russian peoples, even including a certain degree of religious liberty when these peoples were not Christian. The present war has shown how solidly they built their state; now they feel that they can solidify it further by granting these non-Russian peoples even more autonomy. Thus the step they have taken is not a bolt out of the blue, but a continuation of an historic process—the process which most sharply distinguishes the present régime from the régime of the czars.

Power Politics

ANGLO-AMERICAN pressure on Spain is not a very complex matter. We now hold the trumps. If the withholding of limited oil cargoes from Spanish tankers in the Caribbean should, by any chance, prove insufficient to persuade the Franco government, we could embargo cotton and grain. All these commodities are badly needed in war-torn Spain and the Caudillo knows it. Spain has already announced its "strict neutrality."

The Allied grievances are not many. Half of the dozen Italian merchantmen held in Spanish ports have already been released; an unspecified number of war vessels must follow. The highly publicized Blue Division, never very large, has been officially withdrawn from the Russian front, battered and terribly depleted. But German

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agents still operate at will on the mainland and in Tangier across the strait from Gibraltar. Spain has been granting credits to Germany available for espionage and propaganda expenses; she has been shipping tungsten to the nazis. The English were recently outraged when bombs were found in their shipments of Spanish oranges and onions.

Spain appears eager now, in the face of effective pressure, to give convincing proof of the genuineness of her neutrality. We do not ask her to go farther. Sweden has—in a very different position—been taking a stiffer tone toward Germany, but her shipments of iron ore are still considerable; Allied pressure may soon force her to desist. The Argentine likewise has had to go to the extent of breaking off diplomatic relations. And so Germany is being severed from her friends and associates one by one. With the enemy drawing closer from every side a desperate Germany will find herself alone.

Successful power politics are evidence of growing strength. But that is not all. The end of this war will find Germany and the smaller countries of Europe at the mercy of the three victorious Allies. Our power over others will be infinitely greater. We need now to develop our sense of responsibility to a similar degree. For, in view of our will and ability to carry through every threat, Spain today, for instance, provides little difficulty. It is the future of Spain that will prove perplexing.

Ford, Kaiser & the CED

IN THESE DAYS of fervid activity Henry Ford's renown as an inventor and his notoriety as an enemy of labor unions tend to obscure certain of his greatest distinctions. His idea of producing a car cheap enough for the millions to own revolutionized the American way of life. His policy of paying high wages was a startling innovation. And his interest in employing those who are handicapped, his trade schools for deserving boys and the peace ship he chartered and sailed to Europe 28 years ago are among the indications that he is more than an able inventor, a successful captain of industry, a wizard in the art of mass production. There was something undeniably engaging in the United Press interview he gave at Dearborn the other day; his formula for postwar prosperity is so uncomplicated. Straight thinking, wise use of men and machines and the right kind of education for our young people are the principal ingredients. Mr. Ford is strongest for the ethical emphasis in the famous McGuffey Readers and for "practical education." He does not go much further.

Henry J. Kaiser, the production wizard of World War II, has more developed ideas about the problem. Keeping up momentum is his key idea. To do this, he believes Congress should have created a central planning agency long since, because the need of public works as a stopgap during the reconversion period is obvious. What he has in mind is a series of new airports, parking stations, highways and other self-liquidating public projects. His method of keeping up national productive momentum would include gradually paying off (not repudiating) the public debt through work and savings. Mr. Kaiser has been well publicized for his ability to get things done; the part that housing, recreational facilities and enlightened personnel policy have had to do with his efficiency is not as widely known as it should be. From time to time Mr. Kaiser has made the headlines with his own postwar production plans (after reconversion). He is outstanding among the newer industrial leaders, who now realize that McGuffey-like personal virtues of thrift, industriousness and sobriety alone won't be enough.

Less spectacular are the leaders of the Committee for Economic Development. Yet they have as their objective postwar production of some 40 percent more goods than America made in 1940; and in the New York-New Jersey area they contemplate a 25 percent increase in employment. Acting on the belief that postwar production plans must be in the blueprint stage the day Germany surrenders, the committee is going around quietly among small and big business executives the country over; they are in active contact with nearly 75 percent of the nation's productive potential. Government is de-emphasizing talk on such matters while the war is still to be won, and the gap between plans and their realization is tremendous, but it is gratifying to know that citizens in a position to do something about it are actively thinking out this aspect of winning the peace.

Fair Employment Practices

WE HAVE long advocated the gradual working out of a specific code, administered by specific tribunals, for disputes between labor and management and between various elements within labor. When the Fair Employment Practices Committee was set up by the President in June, 1941, we regarded this as a step in the right direction, but not a sufficiently strong or firm step. Certainly some agency was needed to ensure members of all American minority groups—Negroes, Jews, Mexicans, Orientals, Catholics—just treatment in the matter of employment. We therefore most heartily welcome the Scanlon-Dawson Bill, introduced by two Democratic and two Republican Congressmen, proposing the establishment of a Fair Employment Practices Commission, not as a temporary wartime measure but as a permanent judicial agency with power to subpoena and with sanctions behind it. Here is certainly a proposal the worth of which every member of Congress should be made to realize.

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We Still Can Choose

PLEASE, please, please forget that this is a Catholic writing in a Catholic magazine. Because, as made clear at the time of the bombing of the railroad yards in Rome, the argument against the destruction of historical monuments is primarily a human argument and not primarily a Catholic argument, the regret at their destruction is a human regret—a man regrets being deprived of something he loves—and not the regret of someone accustomed, in the measure of his faith, to the idea that he must leave all the things of this world and that the things of this world do not count.

In Russia they have suspended *Bezbojnik;* well, just read this as if we were carrying the ball for the Godless here. My master is Voltaire. No, that's presumptuous, and unfair, since Voltaire was not an atheist. My little master is Anatole France and even that is boasting. Let us say that my culture comes out of the books that you order by number from Girard, Kansas. And even then not from Thomas Paine or Ingersoll. There is going to be no Catholicism on this page, no Catholic prejudice, no Catholic argument. With Viviani, we extinguish the stars. We are looking at the earth, at just one part of the earth, at the Italian earth, at the rubble of buildings that covers the Italian earth, and all that we have to say about that spectacle is a matter of expediency.

It is not expedient that the armies of the United Nations proceed northward from Monte Cassino through Rome, Florence, Siena, Venice—through Ravenna, through Assisi, through a thousand towns and cities—to the Alps, if that advance to the Alps means the destruction of a thousand cities, towns and villages. Is that clear?

It is expedient that we win the war. We must win the war at the lowest possible cost in lives. First, in the lives of our soldiers. Second in the lives of civilians in territories occupied by the enemy or by ourselves. Third, in the lives of enemy civilians. Fourth in the lives of enemy soldiers. It is expedient that in winning the war we effect a minimum depopulation. In this fratricidal war that goes without saying. But this is not all. We must win this war at the lowest possible cost in destruction. We must destroy as few homes as possible, as few farms as possible, as few of the means by which men live as possible, as few cows, as few trees, as few churches, as few garden walls, as few museums, as few toys, as few statues, as few paintings as possible. It would have been best could we have won the war fighting in a desert where there is nothing to break save the hearts and the bodies of those who must die as soldiers. But Germany is not surrounded by a desert.

The governments, the generals select the path to victory, the path to Berlin. But when the generals are dead, when the men who now govern the nations are dead, there will be the peoples of Europe, the people of America, who will look back at the victory and at the way the victory was won. The survivors—in a hundred years—will count themselves and they will ask whether the path to victory chosen by the governments and the generals spared the greatest possible number of lives. The survivors will look about them at the ruins—this was a castle, this was a peasant's home, this was a cathedral—and they will ask whether the path to victory chosen by the generals and by the governments spared the greatest possible number of buildings. They will want to know whether we had to do it the way we did. They will want to know whether we knew what we were doing, whether we even thought about what we were doing.

The civilized peoples of all the world will want to know whether or not it was absolutely necessary for the armies of the United Nations to continue fighting their way up the Italian peninsula, after their first hopes of a swift and total occupation of Italy had been denied. They will ask whether the expediency of destroying this peculiarly dense agglomeration of monuments in this special European area was ever seriously questioned. They will say "by the time you reached Rome it must have been clear to you that the Germans meant to fight a war in Italy and that if you persisted in your plan to advance northward you would destroy all that lay in your path. Did you calculate that cost? Was that Italian front a major front essential to victory? Was there a way to stabilize that front and to force the Germans to parry a thrust elsewhere? Did you know what value we, the survivors, place on what you destroyed? Where is the evidence that you questioned your governments, your generals, that you forced them to prove to you that there was no other road to Berlin?"

They will find some evidence in England. The English have been asking whether or not it is necessary to destroy Italy. The English have been worried. But we, in America, have not been worried. There is nothing to show that we are worried. It is the British who publish the lists of buildings destroyed in Italy and it is the British public which is aghast at what that destruction means. Our archeologists, our historians are silent.

There is no one at all to warn us against accomplishing the irremediable. There is no voice saying that these assembled stones in Italy must not be disassembled for they never can be put together again. There is no one arguing that it is expedient that we move our fighting elsewhere.

C. G. PAULDING.

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A Symbolic Spaniard: Besteiro

The type of political leader needed to bring concord to that unhappy land

Alfredo Mendizabal

SPAIN continues to be a grave problem for the present and the future—for the rest of the world in precisely the same measure as it remains a dramatic day to day problem for the Spaniards themselves. It is a twofold test for the international conscience of our time. From the attitude a man takes toward the present Spanish régime can be gauged the intensity of his loyalty to democracy and to its spiritual values; second, the spectacle which a merely military victory presents to us in that country is that of a war which has come to an end without resolving the issues for which it was said to be fought—a victory solely of a material nature, incapable of establishing peace, not even a peace which is precarious, to say nothing of a peace which will endure.

It is clear that to draw too strict a parallel between the Spanish Civil War and the present world civil war would lead to unwarranted and unjust conclusions. For although in its origin the fascist aggression of the Army and the Falange against the Spanish Republic was but a preface to the aggression of the German military and German nazism against the comity of nations; and while the participants in the second conflict were already involved in the Spanish dress rehearsal, two differences must be kept in mind: first, that a struggle between the citizens of the same nation and between residents of every one of its cities cannot be resolved by the annihilation of one of the two warring groups if the peace is to last. Secondly, in the present world war it is not the aggressors but those who were attacked who are winning.

Whenever we think of Spain's lost opportunities to resolve her internal conflict on a plane of liberty, equidistant from the totalitarianism of the Right and of the Left, there come to mind the noble efforts of a few men who tried to arrive at unifying solutions which respected diversities, and sought reconciliation not of the most widely separated antagonists but of the great majority of the Spanish people. The great majority were not really either fascist or communist but simply men of rightist or leftist tendencies who would have enthusiastically acclaimed a stroke of magnanimity on the part of the leaders of the Civil War. This move would have had to come from both directions in order to be effectual. But, unhappily, never for a moment did such a sentiment of tolerance occur to the responsible leaders of the Nationalists, who were sure of their impending victory and wanted it to be crushing and inexorable. And only at the end of the war did the Republican Government manifest a conciliatory disposition when—because their cause appeared virtually lost—it was too late.

Among the few men who labored for the honorable goal of national reconciliation, the only objective that would have kept out the extremists on both sides (men who for their criminal actions deserved imprisonment rather than positions of authority) there must be mentioned a name and a figure whose stature as a symbol continues to grow with time and whose tragic end has won him general posthumous veneration: Don Julián Besteiro.

★

Professor of logic at the University of Madrid, celebrated Socialist leader, Besteiro for many years was a man who always stuck to his post, who bravely faced things and risked his popularity in order to serve with a clear conscience, and who placed the interests of his country above that of his party. Ideologically Marxist and intellectually a revolutionary, he attained an immense popularity among socialists, and even among the conservative classes, who had confidence in his integrity, intellectual balance and political prudence. His political tolerance stood out especially in his work as an educator. As professor, in his chair at the University of Madrid, he manifested the greatest respect for the convictions of others, not only permitting but actually enjoying it when his students dissented from his own opinions. Those who did not know him well were afraid he would prove to be an intransigent and violently anti-clerical Marxist, something he never was. On the contrary, in order that no one should believe that he was prejudiced against priests, whenever one of them had to take his examination before him, Besteiro made it a point of being particularly indulgent. And on more than one occasion poorly prepared students did not hesitate to put on clerical garb in order to present themselves before the professor of logic, confident that this disguise would entitle them to special consideration.

Besteiro always proclaimed that he was a Marx-

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ist, but with much greater rigor than other leaders of Spanish socialism. Prieto, for instance, boasted of not having read Marx and is a liberal rather than a socialist; or Professor F. de los Rios, whose profoundly religious attitude has brought him from Marxism to a humanistic conception of life. But the socialism of Besteiro is democratic and for that reason quite unfavorable to proletarian dictatorship of the Soviet type. Besteiro opposes to a dogmatic and static version of Marxism a Marxism which is critical and dynamic. Contrary to the interpretation which communism claims to be the true one, he presented (in his address on being admitted to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences) the social-democratic position, which considers bourgeois democracy as the "proper medium in which the political action of labor organizations and the socialist parties should and can efficaciously develop." ("Marxism and Anti-Marxism," Madrid, 1935.) He believed that dictatorship is the point of similarity between communism and fascism and that socialism must oppose them both.

Dedicated to the task of teaching, to workers' organizations and to municipal administration, Besteiro received the largest number of votes ever obtained by a city counselor in Madrid. In 1917 he served on the executive committee of a revolutionary general strike, for which he was sent to Cartagena prison. He was released through an amnesty from the Spanish parliament on being elected a member of that body. From then on he took no active or directing part in any revolutionary movement. Upon the proclamation of the Republic, his prestige was so great that he was elected president of the constituent Cortes, a responsibility which he fulfilled with the greatest prudence and dignity. If his advice had been followed, the Republic would not have accepted the system of only one legislative body, which is so propitious for radicalism. The principles he proclaimed during the period of intense political activity which characterized the Republic were the maintenance of morality in public life and the rebuilding of the nation's spiritual forces. In opposition to those adventurers who wanted social revolution at any cost, Besteiro supported in his last years a program of gradual "transformation of the capitalist system and the substitution of a régime of economic democracy." If his "reformism" placed him in opposition to the bolshevist minded faction of the Party, his unimpeachable honesty and his political sagacity retained for him the universal respect of the nation.

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The Civil War was to put to the test, a harsh and decisive test, the strength of soul of Professor Besteiro. While so many other leaders of the Spanish people lost control themselves or entrusted it to foreign agents, he maintained his characteristic serenity. His grasp of the tendencies and the catastrophe which threatened led him to take a stand which was most perilous for his own safety in that day of uncontrolled passions. In May, 1937, the President of the Republic, Señor Azaña, sent him to London on a special mission as Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of the King of England—actually for the purpose of letting the British Government hear the voice of "common sense" which sought the mediation of the great democracies in order to save the Spanish Republic from its enemies and from those who claimed to be its friends. His aim was to bring to an end the armed intervention of the totalitarian powers and obtain a truce between the Spanish combatants as a prelude to a national reconciliation.

As a result of the good impression which the personality and activity of Besteiro made in London, President Azaña tried to appoint him as ambassador to London or to Paris. Besteiro insisted as a condition of his acceptance that this appointment had to be for the purpose of bringing the war to an honorable close. But the extreme elements, who imposed their wishes upon the government, prevented this and began to regard as a traitor the man who was trying to hinder the complete ship-wreck of the Republic. Besteiro then returned to Madrid, where he continued to be engaged in the municipal administration of the besieged capital, which had ceased to be the seat of the Spanish government. The civic heroism which this indicated and that was to lead Besteiro to make the supreme sacrifice, faithful to his convictions and to his devotion to his native land, was at that time highly appreciated by the great mass of the Spanish people. It was interpreted in the opposite sense by the extremist minority who raised too much clamor and whose actions came to be supported by the growing strength of the Politbureau and by the supplies of arms cleverly doled out by the Soviet Union in proportion to the influence the recipients wielded in the government of the Republic.

When in August, 1938, President Azaña tried to select a cabinet in which Besteiro and his policies were represented, "this brought about a prearranged shower of telegrams from all the military units commanded by Communists, putting themselves at the disposal of Dr. Negrín, and the Russian-controlled tanks and airplanes paraded in the streets and over the skies of Barcelona" ("Spain," by Salvador de Madariaga, New York, 1943). Besteiro's efforts had been thwarted at an hour when it was not yet too late, and the Republic set out on a path leading to its complete destruction.

That the war was lost after the fall of Catalonia was the general opinion of almost all the

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republicans, and this view was corroborated by the general staff. When Prieto voiced it, he was forced to resign as Defense Minister; the President of the Republic remained at his post, a virtual prisoner, and when all resistance became impossible and the fall of Catalonia had sent fleeing into France half a million Spaniards, Prime Minister Negrín voiced the watchword for the remnants of the routed army: "To resist is to conquer." Too late, Prieto in various American countries and Azaña in Paris desperately sought the solution which earlier in the conflict would have worked. Too late, also, the Madrid Defense Council, with Colonel Casado, General Miaja and Professor Besteiro as leaders, tried—in opposition to Dr. Negrín and the Communists—to contract an honorable peace without reprisals. Franco did not wish to be magnanimous in the moment of triumph (nor before that, nor afterward, either) and exacted unconditional surrender.

While Negrín and his ministers fled at the last moment and the military leaders of Madrid abandoned the capital and its heroic inhabitants to the vengeance of the conqueror, only one among the leaders of first rank remained at his post: a civilian, "the last civilian," Professor Besteiro. His personal bravery and his loyalty prevented him from leaving the people to pay the consequences of his own conduct. He is the only one of the Republican leaders who voluntarily agreed to pay with his life for whatever responsibility he had incurred through his own acts. If his enemies of the Left falsely accused him of treason when the inevitable happened, such an accusation was immediately shown up at the trial to which the military victors submitted him upon arresting him in Madrid. His countenance was alight with eagerness for the supreme sacrifice. The death penalty was demanded for him. But the Franco tribunal condemned him to thirty years' imprisonment, much longer than a man of seventy could expect to live. Among the accusations were his revolutionary activity in 1917, from which the Royal Parliament had amnestied him 21 years before, and by extreme irony, the crime of "having contributed to prolonging the war," when all his activity had been precisely to shorten it and had caused him to fall into the hands of the conquerors.

In prison Besteiro continued to be the hope for a reconciliation of Spaniards when the wave of violence would give way to a desire for peace and the necessity for living together. But the health of the heroic old man was not to withstand the rigors of incarceration. In the Carmona prison, Besteiro encountered unexpected companions in misfortune: forty-five Basque priests who were innocent of crime but had been condemned to temporary or life imprisonment for the sole reason that they had remained and suffered with their people instead of abandoning them in their hour of tribulation. Between these forty-five men of the Church and the socialist professor an intimate and cordial relationship was soon established. The profound faith and the serene resignation of those exemplary servants of Christ impressed and won the heart of Don Julián Besteiro. At seventy-one years of age he was obliged to clean his cell and when the copper rake with which he had to scrape the dirt floor pierced his hand, it produced an infection from which he died without his wife being permitted to come to him and comfort him in his last moments. Besteiro rendered his soul to God in 1940, attended and comforted by the priests who had been his companions in confinement and the best friends of his last days on earth.

If he had survived Besteiro could have reunited in a régime of good feeling and liberty the two severed halves of the Spanish people; he had experienced injustices from both extremes and for many years had enjoyed a popularity based on confidence in his open-mindedness and in his gifts of prudence and chivalry. He died in comparative obscurity leaving only the wake of his life and his death as a symbol which grows in importance with time and with the tragic need, at present, of the conciliatory solutions which he advocated to the very last. The extent to which his fellow Spaniards understand his noble example and his message will determine in large part whether Spain leads a life worthy of her or not, and whether or not she is to be a cause of anxiety to the other nations of the world.

Gifts

(Fra Giovanni to the Contessina Allagia degli Aldobrandeschi, Christmas, 1603)

There is nothing I can give you
Which you have not got.

There is much I cannot give you
Which you yet can take.

Unless our hearts find rest therein today,
No heaven can come to us.
Take heaven!

Unless this present little instant hold it,
No peace lies in our future.
Take peace!

All the gloom of the world is but shadow.
Behind it, within our reach, is joy.
In the darkness, radiance and glory,
Could we but see.
And to see we have only to look.
Contessina, I beseech you,
Look.

SISTER JEAN MARIE, O.S.F.

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God's Creature: Man

The part of love

Jean C. de Ménasce

"DEUS CARITAS EST": his will—all that he wills—is love. "In the Church everything belongs to love, is in love, for love and of love," wrote Saint Francis de Sales. Hell itself is not outside this one and fundamental will of love.

Saint Catherine of Genoa, in the course of one of her visions, argues with God about Hell; she is absolutely certain that the sinner will be better off if entrusted to *her* love. God gives her *carte blanche* and Catherine hastens to seize a thoroughly hardened sinner whom she pushes, and drives, and shoves, willy-nilly, into the very center of Paradise, into the very heart of God, into the splendor of all light. Whereupon the soul thus commandeered into Paradise is angry, violently angered, and protests: "Why, O God, didst thou deliver me over to this sentimental and foolish woman; what is my crime that now I must suffer a punishment which is spared even the Devil; no suffering in Hell could match the torture of being drowned in love when everything within me is hate, in purity when everything within me is corrupt." Catherine, undismayed and thinking, no doubt, that with a little practice she will learn to handle souls, takes the sinner and places him outside of Paradise but also outside of Hell. A rending cry rises to God: "And now I am nowhere, now I am truly *lost*. I beg that I may be allowed to reenter Hell where, through divine justice, I still form part of order. Thy justice, O God, which is a presence, lightens a little the terrible verdict of damnation; thine absence, thy punishment bring a little order into chaos—into negative and eternal absurdity."

There can be no arguing about it. Even a woman's love is less tender than the searing fire of divine charity. This, many Catherines have still to learn.

★

God's love is not a fretful love which becomes bitter and is soured when it is rejected. I believe that it is Saint Thomas who somewhere asks how it is that so many sinners live in lifelong content. In his love, God would like to give these souls uncreated love, he would like to give them the source from which flows every gift, and himself who surpasses every gift. But when ridiculous souls refuse these gifts, God overwhelms them with a multitude of minute and incongruous presents. He tries to assuage his thirst for love at any cost; he is not interested in pinpricks and reprisal. His love, his gentle and pitying love, leads him to cover the sinner with precisely those presents, those *nothings,* which the sinner prefers to him. It's this way, then. You do not wish to become God in God and for God; you prefer a pot of jam; well, here it is. His love, which is almost a mother's love, leads him to act as a mother would act toward a child diseased, incurably diseased; it has so short a time to live, why spoil the last short moments with scolding or rules. Ah, surely, one may speak of God's humility.

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God loves his creation with a love which is immensely respectful; he even looks at man, his creature, with admiration and a certain delighted amazement. In Genesis, God looked upon his handiwork and found it "good"; in the Gospel, we see Christ showing his wonder. It is a friend's love, I would even say a child's love, never a superior love; it is this quality of respect in his love which prevents his treating man with the reckless and dominating violence of a Michelangelo cutting into marble—it is his love's fresh surprise which makes it impossible to look at his creature man and say: so *that's* all it comes to.

And it is this perfection of love which permits the existence of sin: "I have given you your being and what I have given you, this gift, is given irrevocably." God's gifts are final gifts even when a time came and these words were written: "It repented him that he had made man on earth."

The cynic will sneer. "There is nothing so fine about that; our rebellion disturbs God no more than a dog's barking disturbs the moon." But no, it is not that way; God's impassiveness has nothing to do with indifference, even if one name it sublime indifference. The proof is this. When that impassiveness exposed itself to all suffering, when the Eternal became flesh, it allowed human malice to disturb and sadden it, and man's freedom to do evil was permitted to harass the whole of that career until and including the crucifixion.

Of course God created playthings also, for he is playful—"Ludet in orbem terrarum"—but one

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never truly loves a plaything and man is not a toy. "It was not to laugh that I loved you."

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Some think they are imitating God when they clothe themselves in indifference. Some, in their inhuman pride, boast of being absolutely callous to everything and everyone. Because nothing disturbs or moves them, they think they have attained sanctity and have become divine. They have indeed lost their humanity but they have not become divine. Being hard does not make me good, being stupid does not make me holy.

In the immutable, certainly, there is no suffering and no emotion, but neither is there any pain or feeling in a stone, a flower, or in the body when it lies stunned and senseless. The less a body suffers, the more has it lost its sensitiveness and the worse it is. Let no man think that he has attained immortality because he does not suffer emotion. The ravaged sensibility of a man in grief and pain is closer to divine impassiveness than is the stupid rose which keeps an unaltered face whether it be laid upon a grave or affixed above a woman's breast. We do not clothe ourselves in God by stripping ourselves of our humanity. I know that God's calm is not at all like the calm of the mountain, or of the lake, or like the calm of the skies; God's calm resembles that of the crucified.

★

Only a doctrine greater than ourselves can satisfy our love. No doubt a heretic lies snugly hidden within us all who seeks: "*My* truth measured to fit *me*." And we attempt, of course, to be rid of those truths which do not appeal to us, which are not useful to us. Yet he who loves truth not only for himself but for his brothers, is contented only when he possesses a truth which, through its superabundant grandeur and catholicity, offers elements of life to beings, and groups of beings, widely differing in temperament from his own. To love truth is good; to love truth for others as much as for oneself, is very good; it is a wonderful thing to love truth for itself, especially when the truth one loves smiles and is of the heart. Only a dogmatic and catholic religion can satisfy our thirst for love.

The dialectic of love impels us to know and possess another person in his very otherness, in what he is in himself rather than in what he is to *me,* in that which in him perhaps may never be apprehended by me, may never belong to me. When the utilitarian argues that a dogma which has no practical consequences is nothing but a scrap of paper, the lover shrugs his shoulders. The useless knowledge of another is as necessary as knowledge which can be put to use; he who loves God seeks some knowledge of the Trinity's life, and does not limit his knowledge to that extremely useful knowledge that Hell exists. Love has even more exacting and objective demands than has intelligence. I do not want *my* idea of God, nor *your* idea, nor *our* idea of God. I demand his knowledge of himself. I seek to make mine the very knowledge he has of himself. Revelation, that divine act of informing us, is an act of love; and the act of faith by which I can enter into God, through God, is already an act of love which exalts my intelligence.

Love, like the miser, is only satisfied by possessing the more than necessary. Certainly, it is true that in the darkness of faith I cannot enter completely into the joy of God's wholeness, but my love is satisfied by possessing him wholly. In obscure and mysterious dogma my love is requited beyond what I see and can taste. In the Church, my soul, like a miser, enjoys that over which I have no control, almost enjoys the fact that I can spend nothing of that superfluity, and that I cannot either put it in my coffers or count its price. The soul which loves and is jealous desires to possess more than it can grasp, all that which it will never measure or fathom, for love seeks to penetrate that furtherness, that which is hidden by veils.

★

The Church is not only something founded by Christ; she is Christ himself shared in and prolonged: "Rejoice, my brethren," writes Saint Augustine, "you are not only Christians but Christ. He prays in me and I in him, he suffers in me and I suffer in him; we must not look at ourselves as being other than himself." And even now as I write these lines, these weak, foolish lines, I cannot claim a singular identity; Christ himself is writing them.

★

The wonderful smell of cooking rises, the leg of lamb is turning on the spit; Mildred will have it blood-rare with the skin brown and crisp. The smell of the kitchen has invaded all the rectory; the smell of the sauce has taken possession of the stairway, that of the onion has entered the parlor, the smell of brussels sprouts effortlessly mounts the stairs. Round the table the men who are Christ himself shared in and continued, eat heartily. The talk is rectory gossip; there's a leak in the gutter, the sacristan has drunk up the Mass wine, a young WAC comes every few weeks with a different soldier and solemnly fills out the forms preliminary to marriage; mother superior has lumbago. "Father Smith is late, he will have to eat cold lamb." "He looks more like a quarterback than like the Curé of Ars." "I wonder why he's late; he will be late for the ball game." "He went to hear Herman Green's confession." "Who's that?" "His mother, you know, is the

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widow who always lights ten candles at once and every Christmas sends us a dollar, and an apple pie." "What happened? Did the boy get into a jam?" "Oh, it's worse than that." "He killed a man, and the kid is going to the chair tomorrow morning." "In that case it is not a leg of lamb that Father Smith will be wanting; it's a shot of whiskey." "Did he go to school here?" "Yes, he was kicked out ten years ago; he's a good-for-nothing, a pimp, and a thief." "Well, well."

Leaving the dining room I called down to Mildred that her leg of lamb tasted even better than it had smelled.

In the prison cell the young priest is a trifle pale; he and the tall, loose-jointed boy have finished talking. The young tough stands up first: "Sit still a minute, Father, I would like to do something for you, but I haven't got anything, I'm good for nothing, but I do know how to shine shoes, even my nagging mother says so; I just want to ask you to let me shine your shoes before I die." He has nothing to shine them with except spit, the palms of his hands, and an old handkerchief, but he does a good job. And the priest, who is a trifle pale, leaves the death cell with his shoes as shiny as a top hat.

Spirit of Mary Magdalen, spirit of Christ: *L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle.*

Gentleman Usher

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

OTTAWA is a one-Hotel town. Not that it possesses only one hotel; it possesses several. But it has only a single Hotel. And as is always true of such cities, that Hotel assumes in consequence an importance overshadowing that of all the hotels put together in a place like, say, New York.

When you come in by train, you pass through a rather small, decidedly dingy, very substantial stone station. Or rather you climb through it, for it gives you the impression of being a continuous ramp, with Canadian National wickets to your right, Canadian Pacific to your left. You pass through a heavy portal, flanked by a bronze tablet to Sir Henry Thornton (Hoosier born, New Hampshire and Pennsylvania bred, to his teeth a railroad man), and climb some more up a sloping terra-cotta tunnel, to emerge near the barber shop and shoe shine parlor. You climb again, up a circular stair, and there you are, in a corner of the lobby of all-Ottawa—the lobby of the Chateau Laurier.

The lobby sprawls all over the place. It has all the things a proper lobby should have. It has long, wide corridors leading nowhere in particular, with overstuffed chairs and plain chairs and ash-trays between where you walk and where the walls are. It has an information desk and a mail desk and a little subdued electric sign which reads "registration" and two cashiers' windows. It has a news stand (no COMMONWEALS on display the days I was there; they sell out at once, I was told). It has a reading room with Louis-*x* furniture and palm trees fertilized with cigarette butts. It has an entrance foyer with a bronze, at the feet of which are masses of potted and slightly sorrowful plants. It has elevators and a writing room and a place where you can lord it over the occupants of the "main" dining room, looking down at them through railinged arches, and meditating on that extraordinary international caste which is made up of professional waiters, all of them alike from Shanghai to Florence, and all of them endowed with that amazing vitality which can withstand wars and famine and pestilence and even the customers' ill manners.

Throughout these warrens at fixed yet unpublished intervals the guard is changed. A miniature procession emerges from the innermost recesses; very smart, very much in quick step, it proceeds single file, the Assistant Porter in the lead. All are dressed alike, in dark-brown claret, with reddish facings and brass buttons, and at the rear are two page boys, with tight-fitting jackets of the same, pill-boxes cocked nattily over the left eye, swinging along in proud, stretched stride to keep the pace. Corners are cut sharply; luckily no civilian seems ever to be standing in the line of march; hence there are no collisions. At each station, a man drops cleanly out, and stands for a moment at attention, until at last only the pages are left, marching bravely to an unknown destination. (Those relieved return to home and mother informally. Perhaps, like the denizens of a fire house, they slide down chutes from their respective posts to some subterranean common room; in any case, the relieved do not march off. They just disappear.)

★

The external integument of this throbbing pile is stone, cunningly cut to create the illusion of high living on the Loire. Art and good luck have conspired to help the illusion along, for conveniently close, and at subtle depth, lies a series of locks in the Rideau Canal. This castle, then, got its moat free. And at a well-placed distance lies the Ottawa River, not too unlike the Loire, nor are its banks much steeper, the horizon hills much higher. Yet all this is indeed an integument—for standard steel and concrete and tiled bathrooms and well-managed amenities at which one may smile, but which after a certain age one would not seriously wish to be without.

And the corridors are full of people, not of ghosts, nor yet of history. Versailles has not called them all off to fawn upon the king, since

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this is itself Versailles without a king, with the people who builded it not dead of the fever, but trying desperately to get a glass of beer in the Beverage Room during those short moments when its doors are unlocked to a parched commonality. Or else just strolling about, or hurrying to a meeting of the Alliance Française, a radio forum, a Rotary luncheon.

The corridors are full of people. One pip is a second leftenant. Two pips is a first leftenant. Three pips is a captain. One crown is a major. A crown and a pip is a leftenant colonel. We have a separate airforce, and it has its own ranks. Flight officer, wing commander, air marshal. And there are RN's, RNR's, RNVR's (Canadian Navy too). Some of the officers wear urgent red upon their lapels, like tippets of masculine sable. They are the élite, the staff, and behind their lips are locked Secrets of State. Proud are the possessors of fur hats, with the bronze emblems of their outfits pinned to the soft leather, as big as tartlets on a tray of second-rate pastry.

A CWAC officer stands there, very bravely. To look at her casually, you wouldn't know she was a girl, till you saw her skirt. A clean, handsome profile, with full-bridged, self-confident nose; a thin, fine face; a sure little smile. Good black hair, just so long it might be an English public school boy's, who will soon be going to the barber's. Brown eyes; spare limbs. She stands with her feet apart, elbows out, hands tucked in her jacket pockets, every inch an officer, every inch a gentleman.

★

The evening I got there was a Tuesday, and a "forum" was being broadcast over a national hook-up. You could look through the glass panes of a "French window" into the private dining room. On a low platform at the back sat the four disputants, mikes-on-baize before them. The room was jammed with people. Very serious looking, for the most part, and young, and plainly dressed. A shade more women than men, but only a shade. A good sprinkling of uniforms. At last the time was up; the French windows opened, and the people came trooping out. You could tell it was a mixed crowd. There were voices straight from Glasgow, voices from the West (almost indistinguishable from Ohio), voices with a refugee timbre to them.

In Canadian life these radio forums play a great part. All over the Dominion are organized "listening groups," people who meet at each other's homes, or in public places, expressly to listen to the discussion on the radio. Once the broadcast is over, these groups themselves become *fora*—thousands of *fora,* each continuing the discussion as best it may, and thus filling the vacuum behind the microphone, comforting the men who have sat behind baize-covered tables. Each group keeps in touch with headquarters by means of a secretary, and the findings of the groups occasionally are made known to all through questionnaires, the results of which are broadcast at the next session of the national forum. Here is an extraordinary and a successful technique for broadening out popular discussion, for bringing minds together, for translating talk into heard talk.

★

That same night the Alliance Française was listening, I believe, to M. Henri de Kerillis. It might as well have been André Maurois or Paul Vignaux. A very smart affair, with evening gowns and dress suits, starting at nine. As the people trooped in to check their hats and coats, you could hear them. They all spoke French. Flat, twangy, insinuating, French-Canadian French. Highland officers in kilts talking French. Staff colonels. Fur-casqued aviators. And Oblates, big crucifixes stuck in their girdles. You never saw so many Oblates. Not a Benedictine, not a secular, not even a Jesuit (unless in Oblate garb disguised). For Ottawa is an Oblate province; more exactly, it is two Oblate provinces—one English, one French—complete with separate Provincials and all.

★

On Thursday the new session of Parliament opened. I took lunch with a Western Member in the restaurant of the House of Commons.

"I saw the PM yesterday," he happened to remark.

"Oh," said I, puzzled. "Did they send a representative all the way up here to interview you?"

"Why, no" (equally puzzled), "I saw him, himself, Mr. Mackenzie King."

Then we each understood our cross purposes, and we both burst out laughing.

★

The Houses of Parliament are architect's-delight Gothic. "Money's no object, so let's do it right." It does seem a little odd to find double-hung sash, fitted with shiny plate glass, lurking behind very pointed, ogival-arch window openings, but they say the cold is too much for casements. After all, a trifling concession to utility cannot spoil fine interior vaulting, lacy traceries in stone, trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, smack out of Viollet-le-Duc. Everywhere you see stone blanks sticking out, like angular warts, waiting to be carved into angel's heads and mythological figures and coats-of-arms, as some future sculptor's fancy may dictate.

Yet the great pile has an air to it, a lovable air. Parliament is, essentially, a heritage from the genius of the middle ages, and it is very good we

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should be reminded of it. The Greeks had no such humanity, nor the Romans; the one ostracized His Majesty's Loyal Opposition; the other sat like stone statues, the better to astound the barbarian. How much wiser Pugin than Latrobe and Bulfinch!

In war time they dispense with all but the essentials at the opening of the session. The Members are assembled, seated facing each other, to right and left of the Speaker and the Mace.

The attendants of the House (looking a little like respectable English butlers) become aware of the approach of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the doors of the Commons are slammed in his face. Thrice he knocks with his staff of office, and then is asked "Who is there?" Upon identifying himself, he is allowed to enter and, standing at the bar of the House, bows with military dignity. Then he advances and bows again, advances and bows a third time, finally saying, "Mr. Speaker, the Governor General desires this honorable house to attend his excellency immediately in the Senate." The message is repeated in French—a slightly wooden French, for the Black Rod is an English Canadian Veteran of the last war. Yet the words come clear.

Again he bows, moves backward a pace, turns on his heel and walks away a few steps. About-turn. Bow. Back one step. Turn. In all, the maneuver is executed three times, steadily, with stiff, liturgical grace. The House applauds, loudly, the Members thumping and rattling the hinged tops of their desks. And then, like a class of boys dismissed from school, they crowd out after him, on their way to hear the opening speech from the throne.

And one wonders whether the Members' applause was all tradition and courtesy, whether it was not a little louder because every Member knew that the tall, handsome Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod had accomplished his ancient duty under an incredible handicap; for he had lost both of his legs in action in the 1914 war.

Communications

POLISH FRONTIER

Reno, Nev.

TO the Editors: Though you feel that discussion of the complicated question of Poland's frontier "must be temporarily suspended," I am unable to refrain from making this statement regarding your publication. Of all the publications in this country, and particularly Catholic ones, THE COMMONWEAL is about the fairest of them all. It is with keen interest that I have been reading your magazine ever since I came to know it—which is many years ago. I have followed a good many issues raised in your columns, issues which were hysterically debated in other periodicals, and none of them gave as fair and reasonable treatment as yours.

As a former Ukrainian, now citizen of the United States, a student of history and close observer of events in Eastern Europe, I can firmly state that you have handled the delicate Russo-Polish problem most wisely. Neither religion nor race, neither political prejudice nor jingoistic enthusiasm marred your discussions. The Polish frontier is more than a question of a boundary line: it is the life and death question for millions of people; it is a rebellion against century-old oppression, and surely the Polish government promises little encouragement to those to whom history presents once again an opportunity to wrest their freedom.

ANATOLE G. MAZOUR.

STREET SCENE

South Orange, N. J.

TO the Editors: While racing for the Barclay Street ferry last night, in a quite normal state of mind—no more than the usual ecstasy of an honest Jersey commuter in flight from New York—I overheard the following words as they fell from the lips of a lady addressing her lady-friend on lower Broadway:

"Sure, he's ignorant; but he tried to make something out of himself. In fact, he wanted to go to college. But there wasn't any war going on at the time, so . . ." (Here the lady shrugged ever so slightly.) ". . . he couldn't go to college."

DAVID MARSHALL.

THE MOOD OF THE WORKERS

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editors: In THE COMMONWEAL for January 21, Francis Downing writes, "While wages are frozen . . . farm prices rise like a child's balloon. . . ." From my personal experience on a Michigan farm I would like to discuss this statement.

During the summer of 1943, from June until September, I lived with my brother on a 150-acre farm in Montcalm County. I found conditions in the rural area very different from what many city people have been led to believe.

In urban discussion of the farm bloc, one often hears the farmer being described as a greedy profiteer, who is interested in profits rather than in the outcome of the war. There are greedy people everywhere, but the majority are not greedy nor are they unpatriotic. Within the radius of a mile from us, in the community in which I lived, a region sparsely settled even before the war, eighteen young men were in service. Their going made the need for food apparent, as well as making it more difficult to supply that food. To fill the gap old men, women, and children of all ages were working, often beyond their strength. Three near neighbors, one a man of seventy-five, were injured and were hospitalized because of accidents resulting from fatigue following long hours or work beyond their strength. A family of boys, the oldest fourteen, were milking cows until eleven at night. Most of the tractors that I saw during the harvest were driven by farm women. Teachers were helping out. I am a Detroit teacher, but I was very glad to help out by assisting with the harvest of 40 tons of hay and of grain. Otherwise, much of it would have been lost.

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The average farm in Montcalm County has electric lights but no plumbing. The people are not well dressed, by city standards. Most of the cars are old. There is no sign of local prosperity. Nor are the people ignorant or backward: most have a high school education, some have a college education. To farm successfully requires skill and good management. I believe that the average farmer will rank as high intellectually as the average city man anywhere.

Now many local residents had gone to the neighboring town of Muskegon, on Lake Michigan, and found war jobs. They came back, displaying weekly pay checks larger than the farmer could earn in a month. They flashed about money in large denominations. They were not the most capable workers in the community nor the most industrious. A neighbor making high wages told us that in the Muskegon factory where he worked, the management had a contract with the government by which they were paid "cost plus 10 percent" for profit. In Muskegon there was a great plentitude of help, while the farmer could find no labor whatsoever. So the farmer cannot be called greedy or unpatriotic—if he were, he would not be on the farm.

He is, however, resentful. His grievances are: (1) government interference in what the far-away government "advisors" do not remotely understand; (2) the vast disparity between his wages and that of war labor of which he has direct knowledge; (3) the wide spread between his price and that paid in the stores—chickens were sold for $2.10 in Detroit Thanksgiving and for 63c in Trufant, Michigan, in the farmer's market; (4) the vast disparity between his profits and that of other capital (for the farmer is also a capitalist); and (5) strikes, since the farmer is also a patriot.

The farmer does not want inflation, but he suffers from it without adequate compensation. He believes that *all* workers should live reasonably and frugally and that the characteristic condition everywhere during the struggle should be moderate wages, sacrifice and national thrift.

MARGARET H. LOBKER.

PILLAR OF DEMOCRACY

Harrisburg, Pa.

TO the Editors: J. F. Kennedy's account (February 4) of the sacrifice and selflessness of bankers in promoting the welfare of their farmer-neighbors has a great deal of truth in it. There are such bankers as he describes—country bankers who know every farmer in their territory, know the ages of the farmers' children, write references for their boys in the Army. It is true that many bankers do discuss life insurance with their farmer-clients, help them make out income tax returns and advise them on vaccinating their cows. They also collect fat interest on short-term, well-secured loans.

Too many bankers, like Mr. Kennedy, concur with the attitude that "good has been done" by the Farm Security Administration, but they, like Mr. Kennedy, do nothing about it. FSA has taken innumerable families off relief, given them credit, taught them good farm management practices, helped the women create comfortable homes and operate them on an efficient and economical basis, improved their health, organized good purchasing and marketing cooperatives which serve the needs of the family farmer—and then turned them over, as good credit risks, to banks. FSA does *not* compete with banks, inasmuch as it extends credit only to farmers who can *not* get fair credit elsewhere.

Now, when FSA's existence is threatened by a coalition of pressure groups like the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Bankers Association—all of them out to exterminate small farmers and the traditional family-size farm by abolishing or restricting FSA—one would suppose that these country bankers would rise up to defend FSA. As a matter of fact, a few have. Too few.

In this instance most country bankers are pursuing the same policy they follow with their small farmer borrowers. They will write references for their boys in the Army, pat the children on the head and call them by their first names, discuss taxation or vaccination. But they won't insist that their mother organization, the ABA, be honest. They are like the philanthropists who give the starving man a comforting word instead of food.

In many, many parts of the country—New Hampton, Iowa, excepted, on the word of Mr. Kennedy—"the mortgage foreclosing melodrama" is still being enacted. It was highly popular throughout the 1930's; and with agricultural trends following closely the pattern of World War I, it will become popular again before the decade is over. The only force that can prevail against it is the Farm Security Administration. If the American Bankers Association, the American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Association of Manufacturers have their way, there will be *no* FSA—or an FSA so completely dominated by the big farm lobby that it would be better for the country if it had been abolished altogether.

Legislation is now being offered Congress by FSA's enemies, legislative procurers for the AFBF, NAM and ABA. It is time for honest bankers—and honest Americans in every walk of life—to petition their Congressmen to expand FSA so that we may win the war and have a prosperous rural America when the war is won.

RURAL OBSERVER.

The Stage & Screen

Mexican Hayride

THE PRODUCTION of Michael Madis Todd, this is, of course, galore. And it's another good example of the losing struggle between the things and the players which has become symptomatic of the Broadway musical. Leading the array this time is the amiable Bobby Clark whose tireless hurrah occasionally lifts the Herbert and Dorothy Fields book into some sort of magic while he is on the stage, although even he goes slipshod and leans on the fakements a good bit of the time. Wonderfully funny as an oscillating flute-player in a pink wig at one point, he is later simply lazy as a double-breasted Indian squaw, owner of a tamale stand. In the latter scene his business

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never approaches the interests of his props which, for a great clown, is sad and the wrong folly. And I only wish I could have seen Chaplin play the same scene.

The book itself, dealing with the fortunes of a "wanted" American Numbers King in melodious Mexico, is, astonishingly enough for two such proven experts as the Fields, without wit. And the Cole Porter music seemed to me to be merely Old (King) Cole re-fiddled, while at the same time you couldn't get the new words. I do think George Givot's familiar juggle with the English language is still funny, and I think June Havoc is interesting to watch. While she seems to have every possible ingredient for success, her job is somehow or other always presented rather than played, the result possibly of experience rather than any personal style. Buried somewhere in the first half-hour of the show is five minutes of a young dancer called Billy Callahan whose situation is exactly the opposite. Awkwardly reminiscent of both Donahue and Astaire, he has, I think, stuff; and one can remember him exactly. In addition to these, there are ten scenes of the tallest girls in the richest costumes in the most stupendous sets, innumerable name-men, some ten or twelve featured acts plus choruses, acrobats, guitarists, dancing girls, dancing boys, and no dogs. Needless to say, in anything as enormous, as monstrous, as prodigal as this, the effect seems to be that of money at work rather than people. If you enjoy going to the theater to be stunned rather than delighted, this will be your dish. (*At the Winter Garden.*)

Decision

THIS IS an honest play beginning with an idea. And the idea—the struggle against fascism on the home front—is a good one, unquestionably worth communication through any medium. Edward Chodorov, author and director, sets it in a small American city at the present time, and his plot concerns an intrepid high school principal attempting to fight a controlled press in the interests of Negro workers in the expanding local defense plant. The man fails, but his defeat is only accomplished through his murder in a situation contrived to look like suicide. The significance of the title is personalized by his young soldier son—returned wounded from Sicily—who must decide whether to escape with his sweetheart into anonymity and personal revenge; or whether to remain at home and fight with those others dedicated to his father's cause.

The play in hand (I mean as opposed to the production we see) suffers from an under-writing of the large number of minor characters so that these smaller people seem, in the main, to be expedient rather than inevitable forces in the conflict; and in the conception of the boy, the writing is, I think, uncertain psychologically. However the final stage result exactly justifies the author's faith in his theme and in the profession of acting, and I consider the entire performance to be one of the most interesting and important to be seen at present. As director, Mr. Chodorov has cast carefully; and as playwright, he has dared a great deal in the way of long speeches, sudden transitions, and the stage held by silence as well as talk. And the entire cast, headed by Raymond Greenleaf, Gwen Anderson, Georgia Burke and, particularly, Larry Hugo,

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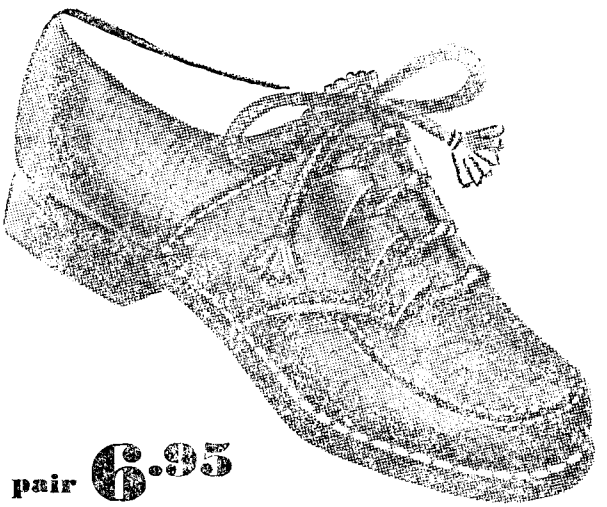

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whose difficult crescendo of emotion is as believable as it is exciting, offer him the most skillful and moving support. Provocative of reflection and argument as well as a most stimulating evening in the theater, I think this production is a must. (*At the Belasco.*)

Peepshow

DIAMETRICALLY opposed to Mr. Chodorov's offering, the impetus behind Ernest Pascal's play is simply a device. And not a novel one. The problem of presenting a Man and his Conscience as characters in a play has already been seriously explored by O'Neil—among others; and regarding the point of the piece—the examination of the inner workings of a Heel—I should say that O'Hara's "Pal Joey" had covered the ground pretty thoroughly several seasons past. Here, John Emery, a sad actor with a bad cold, does his best to play John Barrymore playing a Bridge Expert entangled with two ladies—Tamara Geva and Joan Tetzel—and with David Wayne, his little Inwit. The whole thing is extrtemely faded—even spotty—old hat, although this time trimmed to the crown. However, not even five ingenious and brilliant settings by Lemuel Ayres and the most perfect lighting effects I have lately seen (the work of Carl Kent, who I hope will be ubiquitously hired from henceforth) can possibly produce more than a mutual contempt between author and audience, a situation which I can only define (again) as a waste of everyone's time. (*At the Fulton.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Off Among the Rooshans

I SUPPOSE Hollywood's heart is in the right place. At least we may assume the intentions of the film makers are strictly honorable in their efforts to make us like our great fighting allies better. Last year we saw two large-scale, grade A pictures about the Russians. "Mission to Moscow" was such an out-and-out job of propaganda that audiences were suspicious of it from the first. Furthermore the ambassador who went on the mission was so careful to associate only with USSR bigwigs that one learned little about how the Russian people were feeling about what was going on. "The North Star," as if to make up for this lack, concentrated on the people, the little guys doing the living and fighting in Russia; but the film washed its characters so clean and scrubbed their houses so hard and tried to make them so American that in the end they were neither Russian nor American but straight Hollywood. Only occasionally was Lillian Hellman's script and story able to shine through these Chauve Souris actors and sets. However if "Mission" or "Star" did succeed in making Americans feel even a little more kindly toward the Russian people, then hurrah for Hollywood! Now, two new films, no better than the others, but with a new set of actors, fall into this trend that might be called "Seeing Russia Through Hollywood Eyes."

The point most in favor of *"Three Russian Girls"* is that the film is not star laden and so does not have to build its story around a few glamorous personalities. Anna Sten plays the lead as a volunteer nurse who heads a group of girls in cleaning up an old house near the front and running a hospital to care for the wounded as they are brought in. Among the patients is an American flier (Kent Smith) who in time falls in love with this head nurse. Anna never forgets there's a war on, though. She tears herself away from the American and goes on duty at the front where she is badly wounded. The film ends when the American comes to say goodbye in the hospital. They decide that this is no time for love, but he will return for her some day—after Victory presumably. This simple story might have made an interesting film, but it is treated as a cross between a musical comedy and a serious documentary; and the result is pretty phoney. Some of the dialogue is pure tripe, and neither the film's directors nor editors had much of an idea where they were going. The convincing scenes of severe Russian winter are dissipated by the operatic attitudes assumed by the girls over their hospital duties. Produced by Gregor Rabinovitch, "Three Russian Girls" is based on a Soviet film called "The Girl from Leningrad," which I haven't seen, but which I'm sure omitted the American flier and the scenes in which the girls act like the cats in "The Women." Furthermore I can't help but feel that if the Russian heroine loved her country, she would have filled the ears of the presumptuous American with the joys of Russian food and holidays while he was babbling about pumpkin pie and Thanksgiving in Nebraska.

This business of the American hero marrying the Russian heroine and taking her to US for the finale is made a positive solution in *"Song of Russia."* The great musical composer, John Meredith (Robert Taylor), falls in love with Nadya (Susan Peters), the little Russian girl who comes to Moscow to persuade him to visit Tschaikovskoe for the musical festival. So hard does he fall that he goes to Tschaikovskoe and marries the girl. This ceremony is shown in a church complete with bearded priest and ikons, and it is followed by much festivity of dancing and singing (dances staged by David Lichine). Nadya accompanies John as he continues his tour, but she returns to her village after the nazi invasion. And John follows when he hears that the Germans are approaching Tschaikovskoe. He finds the village in ruins and his wife helping with the scorched earth policy. It takes no great persuading on the part of the Russians to convince John and Nadya that their duty is to go to America and to use music as the medium to tell Americans about the bravery of the Russians. This film is mainly a vehicle for Robert Taylor and Susan Peters, and it is treated as such. There are some real Russians in the cast; their performances are convincing but they manage to show up Miss Peters as a Hollywood dream—especially in the scenes in which she is helping with the work in the fields. Robert Benchley succeeds in getting in a few nice touches as Taylor's manager, but evidently Director Gregory Ratoff was allowed to do little that would detract from the two stars. The music is popular Tschaikovsky and is really conducted by Albert Coates, not Mr. Taylor. Five people get the credit for the screenplay and story, but as is so often the case with movies, the more writers who are hired to botch up a film, the bigger the botch will be. You will learn practically nothing about the Russians from this movie—

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except that they like music, are good fighters, are putting on an all-out fight and that they will burn their wheat rather than let the Germans get it. Most of this you knew and you don't need a 107-minute movie to state it dully.

My only recommendation is that if you really want to learn something about the Russians in this war, you hunt up that Government film, "The Battle of Russia," which I described in THE COMMONWEAL of November 5, 1943. That excellent documentary comes closer to showing Russians as they are than any other film I've seen. As far as I can make out none of these people plan to use marriage with an American as a device for getting out of USSR.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

AS WE GO MARCHING. *John T. Flynn. Doubleday.* $2.00.

THE INNOCENTS AT CEDRO. *R. L. Duffus. Macmillan.* $2.00.

Campaign Document or Diagnosis?

THE freedom of speech which to a very large degree obtains in the United States hardly includes a guarantee that a man's views will be given a fair hearing. John T. Flynn's "As We Go Marching" will provide a good test case. In all probability it will receive only three types of reviews: an uncritical summary, a warm welcome, or (in the "liberal" press) violent condemnation. In the latter case the epithets are all ready. Tarring the author as a reactionary, a fascist, an anti-administration man, and what has come to be the worst of all current epithets, an "America-firster," his adverse critics will prove far too righteously indignant to look much into what he has to say. And unfortunately these are not the times for ignoring possible hints as to where we are currently as a nation and where we are going. We simply cannot afford to.

Well, what is the burden of Mr. Flynn's persuasive little volume, so destined to warm the hearts of Mr. Roosevelt's various adversaries? It is simply this: The United States now finds itself in a situation similar to that of Germany and Italy in 1914. Naturally that statement requires further elucidation. What has happened in Mr. Flynn's opinion has taken longer over here because of our superior resources, bigger home markets, development of virgin territories and other factors. But in 1932 we finally reached the point where we were permanently stumped by the problem of unemployment; we had had our depressions before, but in Hoover's last days our mechanism finally did give out. Then, just as Mussolini and Hitler were forced to give in to the pressure caused by widespread poverty and follow their predecessors' policy of government spending, so the New Deal also took the easiest way and, regardless of its original platform, embarked on a similar program. Mr. Flynn obviously enjoys his calm little incursions into modern history and his devastating parallels.

There is a second chapter to his story which is even more ominous. He carefully sets forth eight marks by which fascism can be known; every one of them has already taken place here or is in process at the present moment. If we hasten past some of his points about the part centralized government has come to play in finance, production and distribution, the growth of government by

clowns?
angels?
flowers of evil?

what would you call them?

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would you compare any of them with Sophocles? James Joyce? Picasso? Martha Graham?

Wallace Fowlie made such comparisons in one of two very interesting books we have recently published about these very interesting men of letters. Of his **Clowns and Angels,** John S. Kennedy wrote: "There is not an ounce of shoddy in this book . . . the reviewer's only course is to recommend the book emphatically to all interested in art, literature, in France, in French literature, or in the confusion of the present era."

The Chicago Sun called Edwin Morgan's biography of Baudelaire, **Flower of Evil,** "A superbly balanced portrait of an extremely erratic and dynamic personality."

Clowns and Angels, by Wallace Fowlie - - $2.50

Flower of Evil, by Edwin Morgan - - - - - $3.00

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bureaus and his assertion about a dictator responsible only to a party (for there is insufficient space to discuss them here), we can focus attention on the two developments all the rest eventually lead to: militarism and imperialism. For it is found that states and cities are financially impotent and the only federal expenditure influential property owners are willing to pay taxes for is national defense. A long period of military preparation is best, for conscripts and the big war industries which that program entails, cut deep into the ranks of the unemployed. But the day comes when the people rebel against the terrific burden of keeping up national armament expenditure; they rebel, that is, unless the sacrifices required of them are for some heroic and inspiring ideal. That is where imperialism provides almost an inevitable answer. What a happy blueprint for our future!

Is all this merely clever misinterpretation, or is there something in it? It is difficult not to agree that our pint-sized local fuehrers and trouble-makers have far less chance of bringing fascism to this country than the broader tendencies outlined by Mr. Flynn. The argument from similarity upon which he leans so heavily has only a limited validity, for it ignores many important differences. Will not the demand for postwar conscription come primarily from the determination not to be caught unprepared a third time and only secondarily from the effort to achieve full employment? Yet, when these and other reservations are insisted on, the impression remains that "As We Go Marching" raises a number of key questions we must answer. It is a timely warning. What is hardly convincing is to criticize the direction of our present policy as severely as Mr. Flynn has done without giving the slightest inkling what other policy could have attempted to meet the depression, win the war and carry on in the postwar world. His failure to suggest even the barest outline of an alternative to our present course leaves Mr. Flynn open to a legitimate charge that he has provided here primarily a political campaign document.

Plain Living, Indeed

IF YOU have read Mr. Duffus's contributions to the New York *Times,* you might have difficulty in guessing that he is capable of writing with happy informality and with great charm. Yet this is precisely what he has done in a short volume of reminiscences of Thorstein Veblen "and some others." In 1907-8, Mr. Duffus, his elder brother, a young chap with tuberculosis named Harry George and the eminent Professor Veblen were all in Palo Alto together, all at the University. The two Duffuses and George were working their way through Stanford. In those days—which our author quite reasonably describes as "halcyon"—working your way through college was a very different business from anything we have known since. Food was fantastically cheap and lodging was even cheaper. You could get on fairly well with fifteen or twenty dollars a month, and in the *ménage* which our four heroes set up, the food bills, which occasionally covered two-inch steaks, were comfortably held down to ten dollars per month per person. No one expected you to dress well; Mr. Duffus speaks of one student who owned a single corduroy suit which sufficed him for the whole of his last two years, and in which he was graduated.

Of course in 1907 Veblen already had a considerable reputation, although the vogue for him had not yet started. Because of his extremely critical attitude toward established institutions and particularly toward capitalistic institutions, he was often getting into academic hot water, and his great attractiveness to women to whom he happened not to be lawfully wedded had, in 1907, caused the departure of his wife from his hearth. Veblen had rented a little cottage about two miles from the campus and was living there without any servants, but with some forty chickens, an indeterminate number of cats, two ponies, two cows, one of them about to produce a calf. He needed help. And so he offered a home to the Duffuses, who were living with their incapacitated father, and therefore having quite a time supporting themselves. They all moved in at once and took charge both of the livestock and of the household. Shortly thereafter a family, consisting of grandmother, mother and daughter, moved in likewise, but they did not stay. And then Harry George moved in, because, having tuberculosis, he thought he could better survive the rigors of the climate if he lived in a tent, and Professor Veblen's grounds contained plenty of room for a tent. Not long after, the senior Duffus died. From thenceforth, for the balance of the year, these four males lived together—three of them quite young and immature; the fourth, one of the profoundest social analysts America has ever produced.

Obviously here are the ingredients for the most interesting kind of reminiscence, and Mr. Duffus compounds them with great skill. He makes no pretense to having received any great message from Veblen; he merely explains how such close contact with a brilliant mind has affected his own mind, inescapably. A university sophomore who had never taken even an elementary course in economics could scarcely expect to retain much in the way of specific wisdom from so oracular a person as Veblen; yet the impact of a strong personality even on an unformed youth is always great, and this book serves once more to prove the point.

Veblen, of course, was a materialist to his fingertips. Anything in the least mystical he spurned as being pure superstition, and he probably looked upon such institutions as churches as being little better, from the point of view of social utility, than gambling houses or saloons. Indeed in a sense Veblen might be considered as the very end product of puritanical utilitarianism. Only that which is materially useful to man is worth man's effort. However false this criterion may be, and any Christian must find it false, by its use Veblen greatly contributed to our social self-awareness. And through such personal relationships as that with the other inhabitants at Cedro, his personality and his mentality continue to make their impress, an impress often freed of its rigidly doctrinaire character in the original Veblen.

More Books of the Week

Bridging the Atlantic. Anglo-American Fellowship as the Way to World Peace. A Survey from Both Sides. Edited by Philip Gibbs. Doubleday. $2.75.

THAT flower of the American Government usually destined to bloom unnoticed has now developed a perfume which pierces the ocean's vapors, and Englishmen are not only conscious that we have a Vice-President but this whole volume is in response to a chance remark made to Sir Philip Gibbs by Mr. Henry A. Wallace about a new kind of peace and a new kind of world. "I don't get much support from England for these ideas," said he, "they don't seem interested." The answer is seventeen essays by as many liberals, statesmen, journalists, econo-

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mists, authors, all expressing their belief in Anglo-American cooperation for a better world, the Americans being represented by Nora Waln and Dr. Elliott C. Cutler. The two opinions most generally shared are respect for Mr. Wallace and disdain of the Hawley-Smoot tariff.

The most incisive contribution comes from Lord Davies, President of Aberystwyth College and Parliamentary Secretary to Lloyd George in 1916. Lord Davies congratulates us on the American Constitution—the successful merger of federalism with representative government—and he regrets that the Dominions, with their own successful federations, have never suggested such a form of union with Great Britain. His vision of one vast cosmic cooperative society begins with the federation of the United States of America with the British Commonwealth. It is a dream of stupendous political rearrangement, but not impossible, and the mere fact that it is being discussed privately is exciting. It was Lord Davies who made a more concrete suggestion in the House of Lords for an International Air Authority which, in "Freedom of the Skies," is discussed in practical manner by Air Commander A. F. M. Fellowes. Harold Callender, in "American Post-War Policy," after reviewing the breakdown of American isolationism, declares that an agreement between Pan-American Airways and British Overseas Airways as to shipping routes would be more valuable as proof of cooperation than a hundred Atlantic Charters. Sir Cecil Hurst, President of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague in 1934, reminds us that in the first decade of its existence, the World Court settled sixteen disputes between States and gave advisory opinions on twenty-two cases referred to it by the Council of the League of Nations. It adjusted a tense situation arising over the status of British subjects in the French Protectorate of Morocco in 1921 and upheld Denmark's refusal to permit Norway to send her trappers to any part of Greenland in 1931. The Court's activities decreased as nazism grew more powerful. Sir Cecil believes that five judges would function better than fifteen and that candidates for nomination should be selected by their governments. Viscount Samuel, writing of "Anglo-American Relations," worries over the two-thirds vote of the Senate necessary for the ratification of foreign treaties, and fears that 33 Senators may some day smash an Anglo-American pact as they did the League of Nations, yet Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. now insists that those recalcitrant Senators only insisted on modifications to the Covenant of Nations which the Allies also favored. Viscount Samuel admits that the Laval-Hoare agreement killed the League.

The economist Francis W. Hirst believes that international cooperation can be cemented more firmly by individuals than by states: "Trade is not between governments but between individuals. It follows not the flag but the price list." Free trade, therefore, is the first tonic to be freely administered. Yet William Agar has warned us not to put economic problems first on our list, and even Hitler has said: "Men do not die for business." Lord Davies believes that the primary cause for war is neither geographical nor commercial, but man's simple hearted delight in being top-dog.

Not all the contributors are theorists. Megan Lloyd George summarizes the history of Social Services of Britain which cost 20 millions in 1891 and 500 millions in 1936, and Sir Percy Harris, M.P., gives a picturesque and prac-

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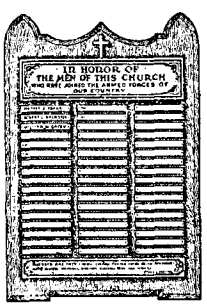

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tical account of the traditions and procedure of the British Parliament. Sir Philip Gibbs and Antonia Bell write of American experiences in lighter style, but the hope for better Anglo-American understanding is in them all.

"The British and American peoples are moved, after all," says Viscount Samuel, "by the same fundamental motives—respect for the dignity of man, care for the family, love of liberty, hatred of war—all springing from the Christian ethic. These point to a common object. If there is a common object, there must be a desire for a united effort to attain it, and once the will is there, revealed and proclaimed, the ways to make it effective will surely be found."

P.S. A review of the English and American novel by Frank Swinnerton, fecund in ideas and a miracle of condensation, offers material for endless good discussion. Gibbs as an editor is both wise and generous. E. V. R. WYATT.

Spirit of Flame. A Study of Saint John of the Cross. E. Allison Peers. Morehouse. $2.00.

ABOUT ten years ago, there appeared in London "The Complete Works of Saint John of the Cross, Doctor of the Church," translated and edited by E. Allison Peers. The translator, a professor at the University of Liverpool, and a non-Catholic, had previously published "Studies of the Spanish Mystics" and "Saint John of the Cross," the latter being the Rede Lecture at Cambridge in 1932. In "Spirit of Flame," which takes its title from the modern poet Antonio Machado's verse, the editor and author of those scholarly volumes now lays bare the workings of a mind long preoccupied with the life of the lovable little "half-friar" and mighty Doctor of the Church who is known to many merely as a friend of Saint Teresa of Avila; he rightly calls the book a study rather than a biography. So simply are his conclusions presented, so unaffected is his erudition, that the very method is such as to please the lowly, learned Saint John. As one reads, one seems to share the author's long hours of research and his journeys through Spain.

The first section of the book is biographical, and perhaps its most valuable chapter is that given over to describing the dissensions among the Carmelites and their imprisonment of Saint John. The second section is made up of studies of different aspects of the saint's teachings and writings. "His mingling of theology and philosophy with poetry is a characteristic which no other mystic possesses in the same degree," writes the author. He stresses the fact that, although Saint John wrote for contemplatives, he was, because of his lyric genius, the "Poets' Poet" as well as the "Mystics' Mystic." He is successful in conveying to the non-Spanish reader the linguistic beauty of the "Spiritual Canticle," the "Living Flame of Love," the "Dark Night" and the saint's prose commentaries on these poems. His illustrations of the saint's practical holiness, as evidenced in his attitude to the trying events of his life, are equally fortunate: he quotes, for instance, the letter to the Segovian nun who was distressed by the treatment accorded the saint by the Order: "Think only that God ordains all. And where there is no love, put love in and you will draw love out."

Save in two particulars the tone of the book is thoroughly Catholic: the scriptural quotations are, naturally, from the Authorized Version: and nowhere is mention made of the ardent devotion to the Holy Eucharist which characterized Saint John of the Cross as it did many another great mystic of the Church. D. H. MOSELEY.

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The Inner Forum

Round Tables in Toronto

THE WEEKEND of February 4-7 saw the first meeting on a national scale in Canada devoted to exploring Catholic views on social questions. At the recent general meeting of the Canadian hierarchy, held in Quebec during the autumn of 1943, a Bishops' Committee for Social Questions was established. Three co-chairmen were named: Most Rev. A. A. Sinnott, Archbishop of Winnipeg, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. Charbonneau, Archbishop of Montreal. Two joint secretaries were likewise named: Most Rev. A. Douville, Bishop of St. Hyacinth, Most Rev. J. R. MacDonald, Bishop of Peterborough. This committee decided that it would be wise to hold a conference on social questions to which would come delegates from all over Canada. Plans for this conference were worked out by a sub-committee to which this task was allotted: Right Rev. J. V. Harris, Rev. H. Gallagher, Rev. John G. Fullerton, Rev. A. H. Belanger, Miss Margaret Cronin and Henry Somerville. It was determined that the conference should consist of two round table discussions, each holding several meetings. The subjects of these round tables were (1) "Industrial Relations and Wages" (Chairman: The Hon. Justice C. P. McTague, chairman of the Canadian war labor board); (2) "Rural Life and Cooperation" (Chairman: The Hon. P. M. Dewan, former Minister of Agriculture).

In addition to the meetings of these round tables, a Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on Friday, February 4, in St. Michael's Cathedral; conference luncheons were held on Friday, Saturday and Monday; and on Sunday, February 6, Bishop Hass of Grand Rapids addressed a public meeting on "Christian Goals in Post-War Planning."

The membership of the conference was restricted to Catholics nominated by the ordinaries of their various dioceses or invited by the Bishops' Committee. The round table meetings were private; their purpose was to bring together "Catholics specially qualified by interest and knowledge to discuss problems of industrial and rural life with a view to concerted action for promoting practical solutions on which sufficient agreement is attained." Among those invited to participate were leaders from Canada's three labor groups. Patrick Conroy, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Congress of Labor (roughly equivalent to our CIO plus the Railroad Brotherhoods), J. A. D'Aoust, former Secretary-Treasurer of the Trades and Labor Congress and now Vice-President of the papermakers international union (roughly equivalent to an AFL representative), and a delegate from the French Canadian Catholic syndicates constituted the leading labor officials present. From Nova Scotia came Father Coady and A. B. MacDonald, representing the cooperatives. A number of bishops were also present, including Bishop Courchesne of Rimouski.

The agenda for the round table discussions had been worked out in considerable detail. That on industrial

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relations included twenty questions, that on rural life, twenty-five. Here are the first five in the industrial relations round table: "1. Should collective bargaining be legally compulsory? 2. Should an agreement made by collective bargaining cover only the individual plant or extend to all in the same industry of a region? 3. If collective bargaining is compulsory, should not membership in an organization be compulsory, this to apply to employers as well as employees? 4. If collective bargaining fails to result in agreement, should there be compulsory arbitration? 5. Does the principle of collective bargaining require recognition of one union only as the bargaining agency, or could different unions be represented on a cartel for bargaining purposes?" The first five in the round table on rural life and cooperation are equally typical: "1. Is it agreed that rural life has a special value for the welfare of Church and State and that special measures are required for its protection and promotion? 2. Is it true that Catholics in Canada leave the land more readily than others do? If so, why? 3. Should there be Catholic Rural Life Councils, based on parish units, in every diocese? How should they be formed and should they be federated provincially or nationally? 4. Should there be special courses in the Seminaries to prepare priests for the problems and tasks of the rural pastorate? 5. Should there be a planned program of meetings in rural parishes for discussion and education in rural questions? Should Catholic women join the Women's Institutes? Should Catholic Rural Action concern itself with Government policy and seek cooperation with non-Catholic agencies?"

It has been the hope of the sponsors of this conference that there would emerge from it some sort of organization which would serve Canadian Catholics as the NCWC serves the Church in the United States, particularly its Department of Social Action. It was likewise the hope of Mr. Henry Somerville, who has been the person chiefly responsible for the details of the conference, that it might lead to the establishment of a Catholic labor college in Canada. Mr. Somerville was one of the founders of the Catholic Labor College in Oxford, having himself attended Ruskin College, which is the trade union labor college at that university. The idea of such a college is simple: actual workers are given scholarships enabling them to pay their living expenses and university fees. They proceed to attend regular university courses for two or three years. They live together and receive special instruction in Catholic sociology from the head of the labor college. When their course is completed, they receive a certificate stating that they have completed the required studies from the university and they are then expected to go back to their trades.

CONTRIBUTORS

Alfredo MENDIZABAL was formerly professor of the philosophy of law at the University of Oviedo, Spain. He is at present teaching political science at the New School for Social Research, New York, and is on the faculty of law of the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes. He is the author of "The Martyrdom of Spain."

Sister JEAN MARIE, O.S.F. teaches dramatic literature and is president of Briar Cliff College, Sioux City, Iowa.

Rev. Jean C. de MENASCE is stationed at St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C.

Harry Lorin BINSSE has just returned from a trip to Canada, and we print herewith the first of the resulting articles.

E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic of the *Catholic World*.

D. H. MOSELEY is a frequent contributor of book reviews to THE COMMONWEAL.

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